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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1870.

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HERR R. WAGNER ON HERR R. WAGNER AND HIS WORKS.*

It was a deliciously painful state of mind in which I then was; it bore for me the *Fliegender Holländer*, long previously conceived. All irony, all bitter or humorous sarcasm, which, in such cases, is all that remains as sole plastic impetus to our literary authors, had been provisionally so far let loose and cast forth by me, in the literary efforts already named, and those succeeding them,† that, after this deliverance, I was placed in a position to satisfy my inward impulse only by genuine artistic plastic creations. It is probable that after what I had experienced, and from the standpoint upon which my knowledge of life had placed me, I should not have gained this power, had I from my youth upwards acquired only literary accomplishments; I might, perhaps, have followed the path pursued by our modern *literati* and writers of stage-pieces, who, under the petty influences exerted by the formal relations of life, take the field, with every stroke of their prosaic or rhyming pens, against equally formal expressions of those relations, and thus carry on pretty much the same kind of warfare that, in our own days, General Willisen and his faithful followers waged against the Danes; I should very probably—to employ the popular phraseology—have thus acted like the driver who beats the sack instead of beating the ass,‡ had I not been fitted by something for higher efforts, and that something was *Music*.

It was but lately that I expressed, at length, my opinions concerning music; I will merely refer to it here as my good angel, who preserved me as an artist, nay, really made me one, from the time that my outraged feeling revolted, more and more decidedly, against the state of our art. That my revolt did not take place beyond the pale of art, from the standpoint either of the criticizing man of letters, or of the art-denyng, socialistically calculating, political mathematician of the present day, but that my revolutionary feeling awakened in me the impulse and the capability for artistic efforts, this, as I have said, I owe entirely to music. I just now named music my good angel. This angel was not sent down to me from heaven; he came to me out of the sweat of centuries of human genius; he did not merely touch, with an impalpable sunny hand, as it were, the crown of my head; in the blood-warm night of my violently-desiring heart, he was nourished until he had strength to produce outwardly for the world of day.—I cannot conceive the spirit of music otherwise than in *love*. Filled with love's holy power, I beheld before me, as the visual strength of my human life-gance increased, not formalism to be criticized; no, looking through that, I recognized, at the bottom of the phenomenon, by sympathetic power of conception, the want of love under the oppression of loveless formalism. He only who experiences the want of love, recognizes the same want in others. My artistic faculty of perception, filled with music, rendered me capable of recognizing this want in the world of art, also, everywhere that, by the repulsive contact with its external formalism, I felt my own powers of love wounded, and from this very fact my own need of love actively awakened. Thus, I revolted through love, and not through envy or anger, and thus, therefore, I became an *artist*, and not a critical literary man.

The influence exerted by my power of musical conception upon the fashioning of my artistic efforts, and especially on the choice and treatment of my poetic subjects, I will describe according to its nature, when, by the narration of the origin and character of the productions brought to light by me under this influence, I shall have rendered such a description more easy for the understanding. At present, I give the narrative.

The course I took in the conception of the *Fliegender Holländer* was followed by me in the dramatic poems, which, in the order they sprang into existence, I present, in this book, to my friends; they are, in addition to the *Fliegender Holländer* above named, *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*. I have been reproached with having, by these works, gone back to the track of "romantic opera," a track passed by and closed—people say—by Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, and already deserted by me in my *Rienzi*. Those who reproach me with this, think naturally rather of romantic *Opera*, than of those *operas* which, in conformity with a conventionally classifying assumption, may be called romantic. It will be seen whether I proceeded from an artistically formal purpose to the construction of "romantic"

* Extracted from *Drei Operndichtungen, nebst einer Mittheilung an seine Freunde als Vorwort*, von Richard Wagner. Leipzig, 1852.

† Among them are included, also, some articles which I wrote, under the name of Freudenfeuer, in Lewald's *Europa*.

‡ The German proverb: "*Auf den Sack schlagen und den Esel meinen*" ("To beat the sack and mean the ass"), signifies, figuratively, to punish or reprimand a person before his superior for a fault of which it is the latter who is really guilty.—J. V. B.

operas, when I describe the manner in which the three works sprang into existence.

I have described generally the frame of mind in which I conceived the *Fliegender Holländer*. The conception was just as old as the frame of mind, which at first was only being prepared in me, but, struggling against ensnaring impressions, at length obtained the power of utterance, so that it could express itself in a work of art peculiar to it.—The figure of the Flying Dutchman is the mythic poem of the people; a primeval trait of human nature is expressed in it with heart-moving force. This trait, in its most general significance, is the yearning for repose after the storms of life. In the bright Hellenic world, we meet it in the wanderings of Ulysses, and in his longing for home, hearth, and—wife, something actually attainable and ultimately attained by the jog-trot son of old Hellas. Christianity, without an earthly home, fashioned this trait into the figure of the "Wandering Jew;" for this wanderer condemned for ever, without an object, and without a joy, to a life long lived out, there was no redemption on earth; the only desire left him was the yearning for death; the only hope, the prospect of annihilation. At the end of the Middle Ages, a new and vigorous impulse directed nations to *Life*; the history of the world shows this most successfully expressed in the form of a desire for discovery. The sea now became the ground of life; no longer, however, the small inland sea of the Hellenic world, but the globe-encircling ocean. Men now broke with the old world; the longing felt by Ulysses to return to his home, hearth, and wife, had, after being nourished on the sufferings of the "Wandering Jew" into a yearning for death, risen into the ardent desire for something new, unknown, and not visibly present, but yet felt beforehand. This immensely-extended trait we find in the myth of the Flying Dutchman, that poem of a sea-faring people at the historical epoch of voyages of discovery. We hit upon a remarkable mixture, effected by the spirit of the people, of the character of the Wandering Jew and that of Ulysses. The Dutch mariner is condemned by the Devil—here evidently the element of the deluge and the storm*—to sail about restlessly for all eternity upon the ocean. Exactly like Ahasveros he longs for death as a termination to his sufferings; this redemption, denied the Wandering Jew, may, however, be obtained by the Dutchman through the instrumentality of a woman, who shall sacrifice herself out of love for him; the yearning for death impels him, therefore, to seek out this woman; she is no longer, however, the Penelope of Ulysses, attending to her home duties, and wedded years before; she is woman generally, but woman not present, woman we long for, of whom we have a presentiment, the endlessly womanly woman—or, to express it in a word: *the Woman of the Future*.

MUSIC IN NAPLES.

A correspondent writes from Naples thus:—

"Our great theatre remains closed, and up to the present moment there is no indication of its being re-opened this season. What probability, indeed, would there be of its being able to pay its expenses with half Europe in a state of agitation? Few stronger facts could be adduced to prove the universal paralysis with which war has struck the Peninsula than that San Carlo shows no sign of returning animation. It has always been considered a necessity of existence for our Neapolitans. Let any disaster befall the people, but let the great theatre open wide its doors! Something, however, may be done later; hopes have been expressed that a foreign Appaltatore may come forward to risk his reputation, and what would be considered of more value, his purse, to revive the ancient glory of this City of the Muses. To tell the truth, however, the pulses of the country beat too strongly now to allow of much expenditure of thought on Art. There has been an event at the Fondo which has excited much attention, and it is the production of *Giannina e Barnardone* by Cimarosa. For some time the false taste which has encouraged mere noise, or what the *Patrie* well styles 'tempeste obbligate' and 'migliatrici applicate all'orchestra,' has ignored the purity of an older school, but, thanks to Signor Trisolini, the *Matrimonio Segreto* and the *Giannina e Barnardone* of Cimarosa have been disinterred from the dust of the archives of the College of Music, and have been received with delight by large audiences who never before had heard them. It is hoped that this may inaugurate a period of better taste, and that 'young writers who, deficient in study and inspiration, now fill works of a day with polkas and mazurkas,' may hereafter give more attention to a 'Master' whom Rossini studied diligently. The performers, who were well received, were La Paoletti, La Valeriani, La Bolis, Paoletti, Brignoli, Borelli, and Palmieri, of whom La Paoletti, and Brignoli especially were applauded. *Il Conte d'Orly* will, it is expected, be shortly put upon the stage, and with this the season at the Fondo will close. And what then? Are we to have an exhibition on a larger scale in Rome? Time has yet to show it."

* A critic recently considered this devil and the Flying Dutchman to be a dogmatic devil and a dogmatic spectre.

ENGLISH ACTORS OF OUR TIME.

No. 2.—WEBSTER.

The most popular style of acting in England, and that in which during late years the most frequent triumphs have been obtained, is the serio-comic. Tragedy, in its highest developments, seems to have accompanied Mr. Macready into retirement, while comedy finds but few representatives, and those chieflyingers from a previous generation. In parts, however, in which the pathos is domestic, and in which tragedy is shown through a veil of comedy, modern acting leaves little to desire. In this class of art recent years have seen the marvellous impersonations of the late Mr. Robson, besides those of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Craven, Mr. Dominick Murray, Mr. Belmore, and many other actors of equal merit and reputation. Mr. Webster's fame has been derived from parts of this class. Unlike, however, Mr. Robson or Mr. Jefferson, in whom the comic and tragic seem nicely balanced, Mr. Webster is much more successful in presenting the serious than the humorous side of the character he assumes. It may be doubted, indeed, whether his acting can justly be said to have a comic side. Those semi-humorous or semi-ludicrous traits occasionally introduced into some of his more popular representations seem scarcely more than the touches of light in a picture, which are necessary to indicate the profundity of the gloom. Mr. Webster's career is one that should be studied by those aspirants to the stage who believe that success can be achieved by a *coup de-main*. At the present moment Mr. Webster is one of the most intelligent, conscientious, and, in the fullest sense of the word, artistic actors our stage possesses. Each performance of his bears marks of dramatic appreciation and intelligent study. Yet how long it took to ripen the powers he possesses, to give the familiarity with stage device, the insight into character, and the executive ability he displays, may be seen from his early career. Year after year, in patient obscurity, were the foundations of his reputation laid.

About 1825, if we mistake not, he first appeared in London and played at Drury Lane. Two years subsequently the first mention of him we have traced in stage records occurs, and we find him playing a subordinate part in a version of *The Lady of the Lake*. The same year he obtained the praise of Judge Talfourd for the comic manner in which he presented a fat negro servant in a worthless and forgotten melodrama entitled *The Boy of Santillane; or, Gil Blas and the Bandits*. Half a dozen years later we hear of him unfavourably, this time as giving at the Haymarket an incompetent rendering of Figaro, in *The Barber of Seville*. Silence again follows until an illness of Harley gives the young actor an opportunity of displaying the existence of unsuspected power. In 1837 he became the manager of the Haymarket, which theatre he subsequently left, as is well known, for the Adelphi and other houses connected with his name. Since that period when his management began, all his best remembered impersonations have been given, Lavater, Belphegor, Triplet, Pennholder, Pierre Leroux, Joseph Chavigny, Richard Pride, Robert Landry, and Luke Fielding contributing to increase his reputation, and to show the limits as well as the reality of his abilities. Mr. Webster's range is not great. He is most successful in depicting characters in which the pathos is drawn from surroundings than those in which it is inherent. Of purely comic representations, or, indeed, of representations into which any considerable spirit of comedy enters, he has during late years given us little. Calvinistic sternness of heart, an unpardonable disposition wrought upon and stirred to a point of agony by domestic trials and shame as in Luke Fielding, in *The Willow Copse*, is the kind of character he most easily presents. He would be admirable, we cannot help thinking, in a whole range of characters, from the novels of Scott, beginning with donce Davie Deans and ending with Balfour of Burley. Next to characters of this class come those in which poverty and want are exhibited as breaking the spirit of a man of talent and even of genius, representations of struggle between starvation and dishonour in the mind of the scholar. The third range of characters in which Mr. Webster has attained a mark which, though inferior to that he attains in parts to which previous reference has been made, is still high, is in heroes of pure melodrama. His performance of Robert Landry, in *The Dead Heart*, of Watts Phillips, is one of the most popular of his representations. Though full of vigour and colour, however, it is decidedly inferior to many impersonations Mr. Webster has given us. For this, however, the actor is not wholly responsible. The motives of the character have been but imperfectly revealed by the dramatist. We see the unconquerable devotion, the zeal and the readiness for self-sacrifice of the hero, but the key to much of his conduct and to his relations to those around him is not supplied. The part is played by Mr. Webster with great care, but the qualities depicted are those which afford least difficulty to the actor. In one respect does the representation approach greatness. We see in Landry a character formed by the Revolution. Just as Figaro sprang out of the corruptions of the Regency, as Andrew Fairservice developed from Scotch "canniness" worked upon by Calvinistic teaching, as *Old Mortality* issued from the Covenanters, as Lovelace sprang from the riotous courts of the Stuarts, as Penderennis was a direct emanation from the commonplace life of yesterday, was Robert Landry begotten by the French Revolution. He was cradled in its principles of revenge, and baptized in its water, or, shall we say, its blood of heroism and self sacrifice? This individuality of Landry is, moreover, due principally to the actor. Something of the kind is indicated in the play. Its perfect realization is attributable to the artist.

What displays to fullest advantage Mr. Webster's gifts of expression and gesture is the character of Triplet in *Masks and Faces*. Attired in all the panoply of Grub Street, the poor author, bankrupt in purse and in spirit, displays the purposeless and gloomy despondency his situation is calculated to arouse. Flashes of hope irradiate for a moment his mind, but its general atmosphere is gloom; its constant attitude one of hopeless wretchedness. As a picture the representation was perfect. Each detail of costume had received minute attention. Hogarth could scarcely have drawn with brush, or Pope described with pen, a more truthful portrait of the poor scribbler, whose high aspirations had sunk in the long-sustained conflict with the world, until what had once been a battle for glory and on behalf of principle had ended as a struggle almost despairing for bread. The rapture of the man as new prospects arose before him is not less touching than his demeanour in defeat. At first the news can scarcely be credited. As slowly its truth becomes apparent the man seems to thaw into tears of joy. His old sorrows seem almost visibly to drop from him, and joy and delight suffuse his whole being. While resembling in some respects the character of Triplet, that of Pennholder differs from it in being more pathetic. Few scenes on the modern stage are more touching than that in which the father endeavours by attitude and inflection to make his daughter love and understand the voice of nature, and bring her to realize the fact that no personator of a father but the father himself solicits her recognition and pines for her caress. Very noteworthy in this is the manner in which helplessness and timidity are conveyed. The love for the newly-found child while it has raised the feelings of the father to a state of supreme exaltation has taken from him no slight measure of his power and his very manhood. So afraid is he of a refusal to acknowledge him that he draws back again and again from the critical experiment he is yet resolved to try. In the contrast between eagerness and mistrust and in the manner in which the profound yearning of a father's heart is depicted this representation is unsurpassed upon the English stage.

Mr. Webster's Belphegor showed his inferiority in melodramatic parts to his illustrious compeer, Frederic Lemaitre. The pathos of the situation is evoked by Mr. Webster with the heart of a master, but the delicacy, subtlety, and refinement of Lemaitre were not reached. In Richard Pride the gloom of the representation deepens almost beyond tragedy. Fine as is Mr. Webster's acting in the part, and it succeeds in indicating rather than depicting it, cruelly, it cannot altogether soften its repulsiveness. Drunkenness, which accomplishes one murder and is on the point of accomplishing a second, is not very pleasant or easy to present. The alternations of maudlin penitence with desperate resolve in the earlier scenes are finely indicated. Among characters which are less kind, but which have merit equal to those described, may be mentioned Joseph Chavigny, in a play of the same name, which, for a short time, held possession of the Adelphi, and the Jesuit in *Two Loves and a Life*. Admirable in all respects was the manner in which in the latter the presence of better feeling behind the stern cold exterior was indicated.

The quietude of Mr. Webster's manner, and his power of manifesting emotion with no employment of the common methods of noise and rant, are two of his remarkable characteristics. A slight movement and the mere inflection of a voice are adequate with him to a world of revelation. Fine, however, as is the actor's method, and complete as is his mastery of the passions he essays to depict, his range is, as we have said, not wide. No comic impersonation lingers in the mind, although many comic parts, such as Wildrake, in *The Love Chase*, and others have been played by him. Sadness and pathos constitute his forte, and the confines of his empire are distinctly marked. Ferocity hidden behind emotions, subservience and a slimy self-satisfaction in Tartuffe, puritanical rapidity and inveterate and unflinching honesty in Luke Fielding, timid and disconsolate and rather maudlin regret and despair in Triplet, and exquisite tenderness and pathos in Pennholder represent the bounds of his kingdom and shut in a small but scarcely inconsiderable domain. K.

Stanzas for Music.

Rataplan, friends, sing
In a minor key,
War is no slight thing
Even fools may see.
While the thinking man
Must their folly rue
Rataplan, plan, plan?
Ratapoo, pooh, pooh!

Tra la la, tric-trac!
Sing ye small o'er night,
In the bivouac,
Upon eve of fight.
If indeed you can
Hold your nonsense, do.
Rataplan, plan, plan?
Ratapoo, pooh, pooh!

Silly chorus such
To insane war-song
We have heard too much—
We have heard too long.
The results now scan
To vain-glory due.
Rataplan, plan, plan?
Ratapoo, pooh, pooh!

Promenade, advance
On invaded land,
Is unlike a dance—
Do you understand?
It is no *can-can*,
For your foes or you.
Rataplan, plan, plan?
Ratapoo, pooh, pooh!

Punch.

RICHARD WAGNER.

(From "Dwight's Journal of Music.")

Our friend of the London *Musical World* wonders that we waste our time in the translation of some passages from "that miserable piece of egotistical coxcombry and absolute nonsense, the pamphlet called *Ueber das Dirigiren*," and asks: "What, in the name of Music, does any sensible American care about such stuff?" Pray do not be alarmed; we never dreamed of undertaking to translate the whole work, or even the larger part of it; that would, indeed, be a thankless and dreary task. But we have given a few of the opening chapters by way of specimens to gratify the curiosity of our readers, and because, with all their egotism, they do contain some good hints about the matter of conducting an orchestra. With the same view, we make a few more extracts, referring meanwhile to Ferdinand Hiller's pungent criticism, which we have copied at the same time, for an *aperçu* of the general drift and spirit of the whole.

While we are by no means convinced by Wagner's theories nor partial to his music, we have endeavoured, so far as possible, to do him justice. So, when we can conveniently, we let him speak for himself. Often enough before—perhaps too early for our present audience—we have expressed our distrust of his principles, our distrust for his practice, and have given our reasons. Lately, during the year past, we have allowed his admirers to speak pretty freely and fully in our columns; giving place, for instance, to the long and glowing article about him from the *Revue de deux Mondes*, as well as to the letters of a young friend whose face is set towards "the Future." Soon we propose to translate some of what we consider the sounder criticisms of the best German writers upon music, such as the talented Otto Jahn. Meanwhile, we go back to our own first honest endeavours to get at the truth, and hereby resume the thread.

We attempted years ago to give our readers an outline of Wagner's theory of Operatic composition as developed in the three volumes of his book, entitled *Opera and Drama*. We stated his fundamental criticism upon the Opera as hitherto existing; to wit, that the mistake has lain in the endeavour to construct it on the basis of absolute music, making music the end instead of the means; whereas the only true lyric drama, hitherto never realized, can spring only from the marriage of poetry and music. In his own operas, his *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin*, he thinks to have emancipated the poet from that completely mental relation in which he has stood to the musician, merely furnishing the latter with some slight verbal text for the forms in which he chooses to compose, as recitative, arias, ensembles, chorus, ballet, &c.—and thus producing texts or libretti of the most empty, trivial character. Here is a double slavery: the composer cuts his music to the fashionable patterns required by the singers for the display of their voices and *tours de force*; while the poet writes to order for the composer. In the drama according to Wagner, the music is nothing but the art of expressing the thoughts furnished by the poem.

His whole thinking on the subject seems to have fallen under the control of an ingenious simile. He makes Poetry the masculine and Music the feminine element of expression. He denies to Music any power of independent production; and considers all the efforts of absolute, or purely instrumental music as doomed to everlasting impotence, as so much barren yearning for delivery. This he thinks to be the characteristic of all our modern instrumental music in symphony and overture, and chamber music. Instrumental music exhausts itself in a vain struggle after definite expression. In confirmation of which criticism, he points to the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, the last word of instrumental music, from its genius *par excellence*. After striving in vain for utterance through the orchestra, until the instruments themselves do all but speak in human recitative, he suddenly bursts the bonds and calls in words the "Hymn to Joy" of Schiller. And that bold act, thinks Wagner, marks the transition from the music of the past to the music of the future, from music pure, and barren, to music in its true and fruitful function as confactor with Poetry in the living and perfect Drama. Music, according to him, can only bear, it cannot generate; the generating power is extraneous to it and resides only in the poet.

We perhaps wrong his thought in this bald statement, divesting it of all that wealth of ingenious and happy illustration with which he develops it. But we believe we give the kernel of the thought. Richard Wagner is himself both poet and musician, alike an adept at both arts; he has carefully prepared his own librettos; and it must be a satisfaction for once to have librettos which, when only read, amount to real poems. His practice, too, in this double character of poet-composer, may be better than his theory. *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* may be works of genius;—genius enough to save them from the consequences of the worst preconceived theory of composition. But we must say, this theory hardly chimes with musical experience. We do not think that any true music-lover, who has had personal experience of the power with which Beethoven's symphonies address the deeper instincts of the soul, would willingly exchange them for any amount of the best poetry skilfully set to recitative. We do not think it will be owned, by true music lovers, that instruments have failed in *the* instances, to convey some meaning; that those *Adagios* and *Scherzos* are not *bona fide* live creations, real deliveries of divine brain-children, or that they convey to you no adequate expression of the tone-artist's inmost life and purpose. Nor is it at all true to history that instrumental or pure music exhausts

itself in a vain effort and is on the decline. On the contrary, the age runs into instrumental music; no music has such power over a community at all musically cultivated, as that in the grand orchestral forms; and it is matter of almost universal experience, that as we grow more musical the love for instrumental music gains upon, sometimes outlives, the love for vocal. Music may correspond to the feminine principle:—so far we do not quarrel with Wagner's analogy. But what is the feminine principle in the soul? It is feeling, Sentiment, as contrasted with the colder masculine principle of Intellect or Reason. Words are the language of the intellect, tones are the language of the heart. Love and Wisdom (no one disputes the axiom of the Swedish seer in this) are the feminine and masculine principle in the universe. But love is first, before and deeper than Wisdom. And so the poet says:

"Thought is deeper than all speech
Feeling deeper than all thought," &c.

It is this Feeling, this *something deeper* in us than words can utter, or *that* can ever take the definite forms of thought, that seeks its utterance in music as its only natural language. It is this that necessitates the art of music in the life of man. The symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven never had existed but for these experiences in human souls of something deeper, finer, more essential than words were ever framed to utter. Vague are they? But the very definiteness of words perverts their sense and puts their heavenly influence to flight. Why do our deeper moods love silence? Music is but the audible breath of such full silence. Hence there may be, there should be profound moral and spiritual culture in listening sympathetically to great instrumental music. You want no words; you do not ask a literal meaning; you enter into the spirit of it, which is somehow wondrously in harmony with deeper depths than you were perhaps aware of in *your* spirit. No, Herr Wagner! the great tone-poet does not need the word-poet to impregnate his creative genius, or to furnish him the wherewithal to express himself. Pure music is a very subtle, perfect medium of expression. Its fluid, universal language conveys the deep and universal sentiments, the sense of the Infinite, the spiritual part of us, in which we are all most deeply related to one another and to the source of all, as words with their limitations and distinctions never can do. No human being, not even Coleridge, or Goethe, or Shakspeare, lives more fully revealed, expressed, communicated to mankind, than Beethoven, the meaning of whose life and character flowed almost wholly into instrumental music. Those symphonies may not be rendered into words, yet who that loves them deeply does not feel that he *knows* Beethoven? Dumb otherwise, as he was deaf, almost, yet what great soul has succeeded better in making himself understood? And should the Choral Symphony become universally recognized as the greatest, will that be at the expense of the other symphonies? Shall we love the Fifth and the Seventh and the "Pastoral" less, that we love the last one *more*? Did the orchestra in that one outburst into human speech yield up its soul for ever, and pronounce pure instrumental music henceforth absolute? The musical genius of mankind says no; it plunges more and more deeply into the mysteries of instrumental music, because it has more to utter than words and voices can convey. It remains to see whether the zest of symphonies and overtures and quartets will wicken under the new charm of the interminable Wagner recitative, shaped to the mould of cunningly contrived alliterative verses, borrowing from them its only melody or rhythm, and for modulation knowing no key-note, but swimming ambiguously in all keys at once.

But we anticipate. We must see how Wagner theoretically arrives at and justifies these peculiarities of style, or rather of musical structure. The generative power of the poet, he says, manifests itself chiefly in the *formation of melodies*. Not that he supplies the melodies ready made to the musician's hand. He says repeatedly, to be sure, that the melody is already implied in the versification of the poem; but then he explains this to mean that the poet in his verse gives the musician the fructifying seeds; "the fruit is matured and moulded by the musician according to his own individual means." "The risings and fallings of the melody must conform to the risings and fallings of the verse; the musical time or measure is governed by the expression designed by the poet; and the musical modulation brings out as clearly as possible the bond of relationship between the single tones or keys of feeling, which the poet could only indicate to a limited extent by means of *alliteration*." As an instance of a melody thus springing immediately out of the word-verse, he cites the manner in which Beethoven in his Ninth Symphony has set the words: "*Seid umschlungen, Millionen, &c.*" ("Mingle in embrace, ye millions"). In *Lohengrin* all the melodies are made upon this principle.

Wagner proclaims a sort of revolution in the sphere of Modulation. Hitherto it has been supposed essential to any unity in a piece of music that all its harmonies should pivot, as it were, upon one prevailing key; that the deviations therefrom should keep as much as possible within the *next* related keys, as those of the dominant and subdominant, relative major and minor, and so forth; and that however exclusive or centrifugal the movement, everything in it should still gravitate back to the central key-note and starting-point. A certain family affinity of keys, with only exceptional intermarriages of now and then a branch into a remoter race, has been an essential law of all good music. Wagner throws down the barriers of this *patriarchal* system of modulation, as he calls it. He wants the whole range of keys: these are to the

musician what the vowels and consonants are to the poet, who intimates affinities and contrasts of feeling by alliteration; and the musician has to show the ground—

[We much regret that the remaining part of this interesting article has been mislaid and lost. Will our respected J. D. furnish us with another copy?—Ed. M. W.]

A BACK VIEW OF THE FESTIVALS.

We now enter upon the third, and last stage of our Festival notices. Events prospective and events current have occupied attention in turn, bringing us to that point where looking back becomes a duty. Taking the Hereford Festival first, as being first in point of time, we come upon what seems a failure. But is it really so? Everybody may answer "yes" without giving a satisfactory proof, because everybody is a pessimist at heart, and apt to be easily convinced in the direction of his inclinations. Let us look a little into the matter. Success at the Festival of the Three Choirs is of two sorts—artistic and pecuniary; the one by no means dependent on the other: though, perhaps, the latter is of greater importance than the former as far as concerns the stability of the institution. What was the result at Hereford in respect of each? Here it may be well to premise that the average artistic success of these Festivals is not high, for reasons we have set forth again and again,—reasons which must exist while a cathedral organist, unused to the work, is placed in the conductor's seat. Bearing this low average in mind, we fail to discover any falling off at Hereford. Band and chorus were excellent; the principal singers were among the best obtainable; and the performances, as a rule, could claim credit for a fair degree of merit. In these respects the Festival was up to the standard; but in others it went beyond. That was a genuine change for the better which abolished one of the unmeaning secular concerts in favour of an oratorio in the Cathedral. Moreover, it may have established a precedent which, eventually, will do away with the hodge-podge programmes of the Shire Hall, and devote the entire scheme to nobler work. Should this prove the case, the late Hereford gathering, far from being looked upon as a failure, will have to be regarded as a great success. Should no such a result follow, the well-directed enterprise of Mr. Townshend Smith and his fellow managers will still deserve approving recognition. In one respect a course was adopted which, we hope, may never meet with favour again. Many of the works chosen for performance were too insignificant for the occasion, and took up the place of others more important and more likely to be remunerative. In their proper place we have nothing to say against the compositions to which we refer. They have all more or less merit, and all make a claim upon our notice it would be unjust to disregard. But such Festivals as that of Hereford should concern themselves only with the greatest productions of genius; the exhibition of which is their special duty, and constitutes almost wholly their *raison d'être*. A few more schemes drawn up in defiance of this consideration will go farther to ruin the gathering of the Three Choirs than all the assaults of Ritualist or Puritan, or both combined. But, putting this aside, there was nothing to prove artistic retrogression in the doings at Hereford, or to warrant the Jeremiahs of those whose thoughts of such a result were fostered by the wish. The statistics of the Festival, both in regard to attendance and money, are not re-assuring, we must confess. Smaller audiences and smaller collections for the charity than those of 1867, which, in turn, were smaller than those of 1864, suggest unpleasant reflections as to the future of a time-honoured and useful institution. We will not, however, consent to believe, without further proof, that indifference to the Festival has become chronic. As regards the present year, at least, good reasons for indifferent success are not far to seek. A war is raging which affects a wider area than the two nations actually engaged; commerce lives, so to speak, from hand to mouth; and drought has done mischief which dwellers in pastoral Herefordshire can well appreciate. These things conspired against the Festival, and scotched if they have not killed it. On the other hand, it would be folly to shut our eyes to the fact that the ease with which distances can now be traversed, and the mobile habits springing out of it, have sorely injured provincial music meetings everywhere. The best artist and the finest choral effects are familiar to the thousands of amateurs who often "run up to town," and who are the main supporters of local gatherings. That these thousands should grow less anxious about Festival matters in consequence, is a perfectly natural result, however it may be regrettable. On the whole, the prospects of the Three Choir Meetings, as shown by late experience, are not hopeful. Their well-wishers, however, have the alternative of hoping against hope.

Coming now to the Birmingham Festival, let us, at the outset, dismiss a matter personal to ourselves. The letter with which a special correspondent was able to supply us from amid the distractions of a busy and exciting week could only deal lightly with topics which demand an exhaustive notice. Their demand shall eventually be satisfied, and we hope in subsequent numbers of the *Musical World* to discuss at fitting length the novelties with which the Birmingham programme was crowded. For the present, however, our business is merely to touch the salient points of the Festival, with a view to bringing them more closely under the reader's eye than is possible in a detailed report. The first is an eminently satisfactory point. Although the number present on Wednesday morning fell woefully below the average, the

gross attendance reached a higher figure than ever. So with the gross receipts, which, for the only time in the history of the Festival, exceeded £24,000. This result seems to dispose of the reasons given above why the Hereford Festival should have fallen off. In reality, it does no such thing. Birmingham flourishes when war is raging; and the Festival exerts an attraction over so wide an area that little short of universal distress could give it a damaging blow. The two cases stand apart, therefore, and in respect of them the homely proverb, "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," does not apply. But leaving Hereford for good, we must congratulate Birmingham upon the splendid result above stated—a result certain to establish the Festival upon a firmer basis than ever, and to urge on the managers to renewed enterprise. In the matter of enterprise, however, there has of late been small reason to complain. Take, as proof, the five new works of which our correspondent had to speak last week. Whatever the ultimate fate of those compositions, *Paradise and the Peri*, *Nala and Damayanti*, the *Ouverture di Ballo*, *Ode to Shakspeare*, and *St. Peter*, form a monumental group by which the memory of the Festival of 1870 will be kept green. Nothing like the spirit which called them forth has been known of recent years, while equally admirable was the discretion shown in the choice of their composers. Wherever else it may be forgotten, Birmingham remembers that a man's first duty is to his native country; and, hence, out of the five musicians honoured with invitations to write for the Festival only one can strictly be called a foreigner. Messrs. Barnett and Sullivan are Englishmen, Dr. Stewart brings his Scottish name from Dublin; and Mr. Benedict years ago adopted this country as his own. Here we have what should be; and, moreover, what should be imitated by all who are able to patronize art. Once establish this as a rule, and the languishing musical genius of England would, we venture to say, assert itself as never before. With reference to the value of the new works produced, it would serve little purpose if an unsupported opinion were given. That each has a value, and that one, at least,—need Mr. Benedict's *St. Peter* be named?—will take very high rank, cannot for a moment be doubted. In other respects the Festival demands scarcely qualified praise. The executive forces were as complete as ever; Sir Michael Costa was again an unequalled general-in-chief; and in every department of the working, complete organization was attained. Briefly, the Festival, with all its load of responsibility, was a triumph of easy management, and a model thing of its kind. Birmingham, is, of course, elated with the success attained, and an exultant ring marked the tone of all the speeches made at the last meeting of the general committee; not a little of the gratification, it may be hoped, arising from the fact that a noble hospital will be largely benefited, and that a beneficent art has again shown herself, to some purpose, the hand-maid of charity.

THADDEUS EGG.

SALZBURG.—The celebration of the Beethoven Festival at the MOZARTHEUM has been postponed to quieter times.

VIENNA.—Herr Theodor Wachtel has appeared, at the Carl Theater, as George Brown, in *La Dame Blanche*, but his rendering of the character could not bear comparison with that of Herr Walter or Herr Sonthheim.—The season at the Imperial Operahouse was inaugurated by *Der Freischütz*. Madame Dustmann was good as Agatha; Mdlle. Tellheim, ditto, as Aennchen; and Herr Labitt, unsatisfactory as Max. The *mise-en-scène*, especially of the celebrated "Wolf's Glen," was very mean, and more befitting a third-rate provincial theatre than the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna. Among the works in preparation are, *Mignon*, *Robert le Diable*, and *Lohengrin*. The new tenor, Sig. Cesena, will make his first appearance in October. The character he has chosen is Eleazar in Halévy's *Juive*.—The receipts of the grand concert given the other day for "humane purposes" (a neutral expression for "the wounded Germans"), amounted to 1,200 florins.

PESTH.—The Abbate Franz Liszt lately related, to a circle of friends here, the following anecdote:—"The Vocal Association in a Belgian town, where I was stopping for a day or so, had been split up into two opposite factions. After I had given my concert one evening, each faction serenaded me separately. I had duly returned thanks for both these tributes of respect, and both the factions had long since left. I was about to retire to rest. Suddenly, I heard a powerful bass voice close under my window. I threw up the latter, and listened, while the singer gave the whole of Bertram's address to the nuns in *Robert the Devil*, without the slightest accompaniment, but with an amount of vigour which caused the notes to re-echo far and wide through the fresh night air. Highly pleased with the powers and skill of the unse-n vocalist, and anxious to know the reason of this somewhat strange manifestation, I said, looking out into the dark, 'May I inquire to what I am indebted for this honour?'—'Deign,' replied the invisible warbler, 'to accept this tribute of a solitary admirer. I was the solo bass of our Vocal Association for Male Voices; since, however, the Association split up stupidly into two parties I have stood alone, for I could not agree with either party. I have, therefore, been obliged to testify, in the only way left me, my great admiration for your talent.'

MILLIET ON THE EARLY FRENCH STAGE.*

This elegant little volume, consisting as it does of less than 120 small pages, is a wonderful satire on the fraternity of bookmakers. M. Milliet begins with the earliest French mysteries of the twelfth century, descends on the dramas that, immediately preceding the golden age, first marked out the theatre as an institution independent of the Church, and ultimately lands us in safety at the death-bed of Molière, wondering how we have accomplished so long a journey in so short a time. What a contrast have we here to those craftsmen who, by dint of useless particulars, empty twaddle, and insignificant epistles, contrive to build bulky tomes on the smallest of foundations! It is a characteristic of our author's talent for compression that he even finds room for the introduction of documentary evidence. Nor is his work a mere fleshless skeleton. His description of the decline and fall of the "confrères de la Passion," to whom belongs the honour of establishing the first permanent theatre in Paris, his comparisons between the poverty of the dramatic entertainments of France and the public pageants, his critical reviews of the poets who preceded Corneille, are as full as most readers would desire, while for those who court more detailed information, his work will serve as an excellent text-book on which any amount of erudition may be based. That nothing may be wanting, he adds a chronological table which shows that his researches have extended over a period of nearly 500 years, and a list of public decrees, &c., connected with the history of the theatre.

It might be supposed that on undertaking to treat so large a subject within so small a compass, M. Milliet rigidly bound himself to abstain from anecdote or any trivial matter of the kind. So far is this from the truth, that he is evidently pleased when he can find an opportunity for telling a good story. A conflict which ensued between Jean Alais, a celebrated "droll" of the sixteenth century (something like our Tarlton), and the curé of Saint Eustache, which is recorded with much gusto by M. Milliet, rudely symbolizes the never-ending contest between the Church and the stage. Alais, it seems, was beating a drum near the Saint Eustache in order to bring together the patrons of the dramatic art. The curé, who was preaching, found that he could not make himself heard, and consequently elevated his voice, whereupon Jean increased the noise of his drum. At last the reverend gentleman, unable to support the infliction any longer, rushed out of the church, and bawled to the actor, "Qui t'a permis de tambouriner si fort quand je prêche?" Jean, nothing daunted, retorted the question, "Qui t'a permis de prêcher si fort quand je tambourine?" The enraged priest broke the drum, but Jean was victorious in the end, for, performing a well-known clown's trick, he "bonneted" the priest with the broken instrument, and thrust him back into the church amid the laughter of the multitude. When we reflect that Saint Eustache is one of the most important parishes in the French capital it is hard to reconcile this story with the supposed power of the clergy in the sixteenth century. We may suspect, at least, that it has received a little extra colour from the liberal brush of tradition.

The English have of late been made so familiar with the sacred dramas of Spain and Davaria that we may venture to quote some verses by Robbé, comprising a brief narrative of the irreverence with which the actor of the principal part in a passion play was treated in the course of the performance:—

"Il advint que chez Caïphe un drôle,
Qui haïssait l'acteur du premier rôle,
D'un fier soufflet a piqué rudement
Colaphisa, le Redempteur flamand,
Qui de respect manquait chez le grand prêtre.
A ce coup là dit-il, 'Ah, maudit traître!
Je ne dis mot, mais de par là corbleu
Tu n'auras pas toujours affaire à Dieu.'"

Notwithstanding the profanity of their tone, these trivial verses furnish an argument in favour of that opposition to sacred plays which the very reverential performance at Ober-Ammergau tended to weaken. A theatrical representation of the New Testament will more efficiently convey scriptural knowledge to an illiterate multitude than a gallery of cartoons on the same series of subjects. We assume that we may represent the most sacred personages by the manipulation of the pencil. Why, then, is it profane for an actor so to attire himself that an analogous representation may be effected? Robbé unknowingly gives to this question a very plausible answer. He virtually declares that the stage is an unfit place for the representation of sacred subjects inasmuch as theatrical art is more than any other subject to ridiculous, mischances which tend to promote irreverence.

As a specimen of typography, M. Milliet's little book is in every way worthy of the choice "Librairie des Bibliophiles."

* De L'Origine du Théâtre à Paris. Par Paul Milliet, (Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles. 1870.)

Mendelssohn's "Elijah."

It would seem superfluous at the time present to say a word concerning Mendelssohn's *Elijah* were it not a fact that there is "everything new under the sun,"—as those professing to write history make us remember ever and anon.

As an illustration, it was startling to read the other day in the columns of a contemporary, a "full, true, and particular" account of the production of *Elijah* at Birmingham, which took place scarcely a quarter of a century ago: and to be told that Grisi, Signor Mario, and Miss Dolby were among the original artists who (as the French have it) "created" the Oratorio. Grisi and Signor Mario sang one or two Italian pieces after the close of *Elijah* from which it would seem as if the Directors fancied that the greatest work of modern times might want "backing up." The principal soprano on the occasion referred to was the late Madame Canadori-Allan; who troubled the composer greatly, by requesting him to transpose to a tone lower the air "Hear ye, Israel," which passes into the chorus, "Be not afraid," in order to suit her convenience. This, of course, could not be done. "It was not," she said, "a lady's song." He was much annoyed, too, by her finical and mannered delivery of the recitative, "Arise now; get thee without," which precedes the Chorus of the Vision. The principal tenors were Mr. Loekey and Mr. Hobbs. Owing to the limited compass of the latter gentleman's voice, the song, "If with all your hearts" had to be transferred to the younger singer, who may be said to have begun his career of popularity by the effect he produced in that lovely and tender sacred melody. The contralto was Miss Maria B. Hawes; Miss Anne and Miss Martha Williams were the assistant soprano and contralto singers. Miss Bassano, too, sang in some of the concerted music. Standig was the original *Elijah*.

At the pianoforte, I heard the solo parts of the oratorio, as they arrived in fragments, gone through, at the house of Mendelssohn's friend Moscheles, in the presence of the composer. He had been so much hurried that year by other continental commissions as again and again to express fear that he could not be ready in time, and declared that he would never tie himself so closely again. How undecided he was on the eve of presenting his masterpiece, and how little he considered it complete, are proved by the fact, among others, that he doubted whether he should not suppress the song, "O rest in the Lord." "It was too sweet," he said. His friends urged him at least to try its effect. The lady who was to sing it was anxious, in the fine old English fashion, to conclude it by a long shake on the closing notes. "No," said the composer, "I have kept that for my orchestra," and archly played that shake in the accompaniment for the flute; the effect of which is so delicious. The lady, I fear, was not altogether satisfied.

The amount of changes made by Mendelssohn after the first performance of the Oratorio, in which only eight pieces were enclosed, is very large. The scene of the widow and her son was re-written. So, too, was the scene for Jezabel, which even in its amended state was avoided by contralto till Madame Viardot had produced in it one of the sublimest dramatic effects ever heard in an orchestra. The vocal trio for angels was an afterthought, having been originally a duet for the second soprano and contralto, with a triplet accompaniment. This weakened the effect of the subsequent lovely chorus, "He watching over Israel," and was removed accordingly in favour of the movement as it stands. The recitative introducing the superb scene of the Vision, was re-written again and again, and only at last, I believe, was allowed to retain its original form. Mendelssohn intended, I know, to re-model the final chorus. I am not aware that this was done.

It seems like only yesterday that before our going into the hall, he said to me, "Now stick your claws into my book. Don't tell me what you like— but tell me what you don't like." When all was over, we came together again, and he said in his merriest humour, "Come, and I will show you the prettiest walk in Birmingham." He took me to the banks of a canal, bordered by coke and cinder heaps. We walked and talked there betwixt two bridges for more than an hour; and the patience with which he considered the remarks which, in obedience to what, with me, was equivalent to a royal command,—I had ventured to note, lives in my mind as one of the most precious proofs of that fairness, modesty, and condescension to the suggestions of his inferiors, of which any true story of his life must contain so many instances. It may be as well, seeing that so many mis-statements are abroad, to put the above facts and corrections on record, for the use of biographers to come.

Henry F. Chorley.

SCHMALKALDEN.—On the 27th ult., the gold medal sent by Queen Augusta to the composer of "Die Wacht am Rhein," together with a letter from the Governor-General of the district, Herr Herrwarth von Bittenfeld, was presented, at the Town Hall, by the Landrath, to Herr Karl Wilhelm. At the same time, the Corporation conferred on him the freedom of the town. In the evening, the various vocal associations got up a serenade and a torchlight procession in his honour.

DRESDEN.—The want of good, spacious, and convenient concert-rooms, something on the model of the *Concerthaus*, Berlin, has long been an urgent want here. That want has at length been supplied, and the new establishment was opened on the 3rd inst. by a concert for the wounded German soldiers.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1870.

PERHAPS, after one or other of the late Festival performances at Birmingham, some of the audience may have walked across Ratcliff Place to the Corporation Art Gallery. The trouble is not much, and it was worth taking, for in the gallery, in the place of honour—as it deserves to be—hangs the portrait of the man who set the good work on foot more than a hundred years ago. When a general wins a great victory, we give him a peerage and a pension, and set up his effigy in public places, and render honour to him through generations, in all imaginable ways. When a man gives his mind to saving instead of taking life, we do not quite make so much of him; and sometimes he is forgotten, or lives only in a sort of dim tradition, or in a casual portrait, which the public has no chance of seeing.

Now this is much the case with Dr. John Ash, the physician who set on foot the Birmingham General Hospital, and helped to begin the great series of music meetings known throughout Europe as the Birmingham Festival. Outside the town which he benefited so much, the history of Dr. Ash is not known at all, and in it very little; indeed, but for the portrait kept in the Board Room of the Hospital, he would be a name, and nothing more. But this picture really helps to keep before us the man as he lived. Happily, it was painted by a great artist—Sir Joshua Reynolds, who put his best work into it, and made it one of his masterpieces. Until now the picture has remained in the Board Room of the Hospital, carefully tended, but little seen—many Birmingham men, even, knowing nothing of it. At the request of the Free Libraries Committee, however, the Board of the Hospital lent the picture to the Corporation Art Gallery; and there it is now, freely open to view.

But it may be asked—Why all this fuss about Dr. Ash, a Birmingham doctor who lived a hundred years ago, and happened to be painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds? Just this. Dr. Ash was the founder of the Hospital, and from his day to ours, the Hospital has received and treated 750,000 patients, of whom thousands upon thousands have had cause to bless the benevolence which prompted and the brain which devised such a noble means of relieving human misery. The population of Birmingham is now about 370,000; and since the General Hospital was established, nearly twice that number has passed through its wards.

It is only proper that the well-to-do classes who throng to the magnificent performances at the Birmingham Festival should be thus reminded of the chief object which brings them together, and of the man to whom the beginning of the great work was due. Dr. Ash not only founded the Hospital but the Festivals as well. The two have gone on growing together. Dr. Ash had a prophetic instinct that it would be so. The Hospital was only a small institution when opened, but as back-ground to the portrait of the founder there is a view of the charity, which those who look at will allow to be an imposing feature. So with the Festivals. The first, held in 1768, yielded the modest amount of £299. The one, held in 1867, produced a net sum of £5,541. The whole series (not including the Festival just over) has realized for the Hospital more than £90,000, and pro-

vided, in addition, for the purchase of a great organ and a musical library, worth together £6,000, or £7,000 more. So that, looking both at the progress of the Hospital and the growth of the Festival, we recognize the vast importance of the work begun by a Birmingham physician a century ago. The result is worth commemorating, as a victory over suffering and disease; and the man who planned and gave the first impulse to an undertaking so noble and unselfish in its aims, and so admirable in its organization, deserves honourable recognition quite as much as if he had been a successful general with a peerage and a pension.

On such an occasion as the celebration of its great music-meeting Birmingham has a right to put itself *en fête*, proud of what it has done, and proud of what it is going to do. For a large number of people the week is one of pleasure, with this difference from ordinary pleasure, that the ultimate object is charity. We do not say that all who attend the Festival attend because they are thus helping the sick and suffering, or that they would be so liberal if the impulse to benevolence were not supplemented by the attractions of art. But even with those who think least about it the consciousness that a great charity derives benefit from their expenditure must essentially operate as a healthy influence. If this feeling tells nowhere else, it is revealed in the collections after each performance. When the claims of the Hospital are thus preferred, people do not like to go back to their homes, after much refined enjoyment, without having made some direct contribution to the funds of the charity. In this particular year of 1870 the Hospital happened to be very much in want of aid. The reconstruction and enlargement of the building has been recently completed, augmenting to 235 the number of in-patients receivable at one time, and awarding to each nearly twice the breathing space which the limited capacity of former wards could furnish. New rooms have also been erected for out-patients; a separate building has been put up for fever patients; the nurses and resident officers have been decently cared for; and altogether the Hospital is a different place compared with what it was a few years ago. These improvements, it need scarcely be said, have cost money—no less than £22,000. And though many friends of the charity have come forward, and the public has behaved liberally, a large sum still remains to be provided. In fact, to pay for the new buildings and improvements, the Hospital Board stood in want of about £8,000, and looked to the Festival to help them very materially.

£8,000 is a large sum; but was it quite beyond the region of probability? The Festival Committee, in providing an admirable series of performances, sacred and secular, including several interesting novelties, and in keeping the expenditure, at the same time, within reasonable limits, did all that was expected of them, the hearty acknowledgment of which forms the best reward they can hope for or desire. The result has, we believe, surpassed anticipation. There was no reason why this should not have been so. Birmingham is growing in wealth and prosperity year by year.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.—Messrs. Lyster & Smith have introduced an entertainment at the Masonic Hall new to the Sydney public. The *opera di camera*, or chamber opera, is often given in continental circles, and no doubt it will become popular in Sydney, judging from the patronage bestowed upon it last evening. The hall was filled with the *élite* of Sydney. The operas performed were *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Maritana*. The performers were all in evening costume, and although there was no acting, the audience enjoyed a great treat with the vocalization. All the principals, English and Italian, appeared for the last time previously to their departure for Melbourne. One and all received rapturous applause at the conclusion of their performances. The only encore that was taken was by Miss Lucy Chambers, in "Alas, those chimes," from *Maritana*; the others simply bowed their acknowledgments.—*Sydney Paper*.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

IRELAND, if report may be credited, is subscribing impartially to the fund for the French and German wounded. The exclusive French committee only obtains small sums from a poorer class of donors. Mlle. Tietjens, it is stated, was requested to sing at a concert for the general fund, at the close of her operatic engagement in Dublin, and would seem to have greatly displeased the Germans by declining without giving a reason. Her compatriots are the more annoyed as the request was made to her by one of the Prussian ministers.

In a sketch of theatrical matters in Italy, contributed by Signor Valentino Carrera to the *Rivista Europea*, the writer, himself an author of merit, expatiates on the difficulty which managers and authors have in finding good supernumeraries. In Italy managers of theatres are often at a loss for persons who can act, with some degree of intelligence, the subordinate (and generally mute) parts of peasants, guards, courtiers, &c. Out of six thousand who undertake them scarcely one hundred have any aptitude for the task. The pay of a supernumerary averages from fifty centimes to one *lira* a night; and at Turin there are workmen who for twenty-five centimes are willing to remain the whole night muffled up as Romans. At Florence the best supernumeraries are furnished by the Società Tramagnini; but the assistance of this society of twenty is not to be had for less than fifty *lire* a night. If, however, the supernumeraries are generally at sea, they have some excuse, as they are frequently not called previous to the last rehearsal.

The New York *True Democrat*, after an account of an organ-grinder's being struck by lightning near that place, says:—

"(On examination of the body of the deceased at the inquest it was found that one of the limbs of the tree under which he was sitting at the time of the electric stroke, had been photographed by the lightning upon his left bosom. This is both curious and remarkable, and may lead to developments in science not heretofore known. The deceased was eating an apple at the time the bolt fell, and his knife was found lying alongside of him at the time of his death."

Photographs of the apple and the knife are said also to have been discovered upon the abdomen of the unlucky organ-grinder.—A. S. S.

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

At the meeting of the Stewards, just over, the following accounts were audited:—

Principal Singers.	Band.	Chorus.	Advertising.
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1867—1176 15 0 ..	996 0 0 ..	576 19 0 ..	63 11 6
1870—1011 5 0 ..	998 3 6 ..	576 3 0 ..	78 6 8
165 10 0 less.	2 3 6 more.	0 4 0 more.	12 14 11 more.
Miscellaneous.	Net Receipts.*	Expenditure.	
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1867—626 18 7 ..	3498 17 0 ..	3349 4 1 ..	149 12 11 gain.
1870—581 10 8 ..	3058 8 6 ..	3153 8 7 ..	95 0 1 loss.
45 7 11 less.	440 9 6 less.	195 15 6 less.	
1870.		Collections.	
Expenditure	3153 8 7	1861	1075 17 7
Receipts	3058 8 6	1864	1100 14 0
		1867	1410 5 0
	95 0 1 loss.	1870	1078 7 1

62 Stewards, 31s. each £96 2s.

G. TOWNSHEND SMITH, Hon. Sec.

* After deducting commission on Tickets and Books.

Votes of thanks were given to Bishop, Dean, and Chapter, for the effective aid and countenance afforded to the Festival, and for their hospitality.

Resolved unanimously, that the thanks of the Stewards be given to the conductor and honorary secretary for his indefatigable exertions in making arrangements for the Festival, and bringing it to its successful issue.

LEIPZIG.—Herr Gustav Schmidt, *Capellmeister*, has lost his only son, who fell before Metz on the 18th inst.—At Michaelmas, Herr Reinecke will cease to be a member of the professional staff at the Conservatory.

PROVINCIAL.

WEYMOUTH.—The *Southern Times*, alluding to the last of the Promenade Concerts given by Herr van Heddeghem, writes as follows:—

"It is with considerable regret that we announce this as the last of, perhaps, the most pleasant series of entertainments the inhabitants and visitors of Weymouth have enjoyed for some time; but shortening days and uncertain weather both point to the necessity of discontinuing the amusement. We must not dismiss the matter without mentioning the debt we owe to Herr van Heddeghem for having originated so attractive a means of public recreation. We trust that in the coming season Weymouth may still have the benefit of his residence here, and again enjoy another series of promenade concerts. In reviewing the eight entertainments that have been held, we call to mind that the principal features have been original compositions of Herr van Heddeghem, and we have no doubt that the numerous audiences who have shared in the pleasure of the concerts have, like ourselves, retained agreeable reminiscences of these pieces, in all of which are manifested musical scholarship of the highest order and worthy of the cherished pupil of De Beriot."

LEEDS.—In the *Leeds Mercury* we read the following account of Dr. Spark's "organ recitals":—

"Since returning from a tour in Germany this summer, Dr. Spark has introduced to the lovers of music in Leeds many high-class foreign works secured by him during his temporary absence from England. Some of the compositions that we have heard have evidently been selected with especial regard to the orchestral richness and power of the noble instrument over which the borough organist so ably presides, and rarely has the grand organ been heard to better advantage than on the occasion of some recent recitals. Dr. Spark seldom fails to place before the large audiences that attend the popular concerts on Saturday evenings high-class works which, played with a delicate appreciation of their merits, command the admiration of those present, but the hour devoted exclusively to an afternoon recital is unquestionably the time to hear the instrument at its best, in all the beauty and breadth of musical expression. Visitors to the Victoria Hall on Tuesday afternoon had abundant evidence of this. The new and the old were carefully blended in the programme, and yet each piece was so distinctive in its character that the contrast was well marked, while the general result was highly gratifying. As showing the organist's desire to bring new works before a Leeds audience it may be mentioned that the place of honour was occupied by a selection from the new cantata, *Nala and Damayanti*, composed by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, of Cologne, for the recent Musical Festival at Birmingham. Its first performance in Yorkshire made a favourable impression, and Dr. Spark would do well to reproduce it at some future recital."

OUTSIDE THE HALL ON ELIJAH DAY.*

From an early hour the whole aspect of the centre of the town gave evidence of something unusual. Shopkeepers were astir at unaccustomed hours arranging, polishing, and brightening up their shops and goods; by a judicious stroke of forethought on the part of some one, the streets were well watered in the approaches to the Town Hall long before anyone in the vicinity knew anything about it; the cab-stands—owing to the greater portion of the horses being required elsewhere—were tenantless; and, altogether, what with the efforts made to render New Street and Paradise Street, and the other principal thoroughfares converging on the Hall, as picturesque as possible, the appearance of the immediate neighbourhood of the scene of the Festival of 1870 was quite satisfactory. According to the arrangements the doors were to have been thrown open at half-past ten, and, punctual to the moment, access to the morning performance was obtained at that hour. A strong detachment of the borough police—whose appearance was quite in keeping with the universal furbishing mania which seems to have spread on all sides, publicly and privately—was disposed about the Hall and the approaches, and they had a busy time of it. Soon after the doors were opened the company began to arrive, and it was found that the arrangements worked admirably. By eleven fully one-half the brilliant assembly had found seats, and shortly before the lapse of another half hour the Hall, from the fringe of the orchestra to the limit of the great gallery, was filled to overflowing. During the performance of *Elijah* a large crowd, happy in the possession of standing-places in Congreve Street and Ratcliff Place, and blessed with what is familiarly known as "outside tickets," clustered about the barriers, and were rewarded by stray snatches of harmony, which, welling out from the windows high up among the Corinthian columns, made themselves heard all round the neighbourhood. For three hours a compact mass lined Congreve Street, spread out at the back of the Hall, and filled Ratcliff Place. If ordinary traffic had been forbidden, absolute silence would have reigned outside the walls temporarily devoted to St.

* *Après* of the recent Birmingham Festival.

Cecilia, although thousands were congregated round about; but all were charmed into quiet by the occasional strains of Mendelssohn's sublime oratorio which reached them. To many, however, the chief attraction was the arrival and departure of the company; and, at the close of the performance some difficulty was experienced in preserving free egress. An over-zealous Corporation underling had—with the best intentions no doubt—flooded the carriage-ways with water a quarter of an hour or so before the company began to disperse; and as at the least two thirds were obliged to walk from the Hall or wait an unreasonable time for carriages, the consequences to many of the ladies were anything but agreeable. The break up, as has been mentioned, was witnessed by an immense concourse, and at half past two, as the full stream of the assemblage poured down New Street and along Paradise Street, a spectacle well worth seeing was presented.

BUTTON OF BIRMINGHAM.

THE DRAMATIST'S DIFFICULTIES.

In one respect dramatic criticism in the present day is quite in harmony with the tastes of audiences. It is thoroughly intolerant of long speeches or long scenes in a drama. This fact is curious and significant. In most respects dramatic criticism, whatever its defects, is immeasurably ahead of the public taste. Those who take, as the critic must, an intelligent interest in the drama, cannot but deplore the wrong counsel the public gives the actor, and the wrong suasion it exercises upon the manager. Everything, or almost everything, the public urge those connected with theatrical affairs to do is wrong. The majority of the public—the vast majority—even cheers when it ought to hiss, and laughs when it ought to frown. Hence, those who endeavour to direct public taste must, if they have any fitness for the task they undertake, be perpetually at discord with those for whom they write. But in the matter of length the unanimity is complete. "When they do agree their unanimity is wonderful." It does not follow, however, that because those who are at other times at issue are in the present instance at one that the judgment so generally held is correct. We doubt, indeed, whether many proofs of the crudity of our knowledge of dramatic affairs could be advanced much stronger than the evidence afforded by unanimity. The limitations Englishmen would impose upon stage representations in this very respect of length of scene and speech are fatal to dramas of the highest order. It is impossible for a dramatist to exhibit his most refined analysis, to pourtray the strongest emotion, or to evoke his most powerful effects, if you tie him down to sharp stage speeches and crisp dialogue. For the display of great emotion and passion the soliloquy is necessary, and the soliloquy must needs be long under certain circumstances. Effective stage plays have been written by those who have looked to public taste and have clipped and pruned their dialogues and monologues. But a really great drama can never be composed under such conditions.

In England there is now little taste for the drama. There is a great and growing taste for theatrical entertainments, but that and a taste for the drama are quite distinct. People in England like to go to theatres and to be amused. They are fond of the gaiety and splendour of the scene, and they take a close and friendly interest in the actors. We support in London, accordingly, close upon two score theatres of one class and another. Our shop windows, wherein photographs of our celebrities are exposed, contain more actors, probably, than all other professions put together. When, moreover, an actor like Mr. Mathews is about to leave us for a distant country we gave him such an ovation as no other country possibly can afford. Here is abundant proof of our fondness for the stage, but not of our fondness for the drama. We doubt whether any great nation shows less regard for the drama as such than ourselves. To an Italian the theatre is his house, his club, his *café*, and his friends' house in one. You would as soon think of asking an English merchant whether he was going to his counting-house on any given day as an Italian whether he was going to a theatre. You know, as a matter of course, he will be there unless ill-health or some equivalent cause prevents him. The performances to which he listens are most frequently musical rather than dramatic, but he is a connoisseur in the drama also, and tolerates and finds charms in pieces which would sink an Englishman into the depths of weariness. The tragedies of Niccolini are among the hugest dramatic works that ever have been produced, and modern dramatic writings which are acceptable to the Italian, requires strong compression before they become fitted for the English stage. Germans and Spaniards are tolerant of pieces that would drive Englishmen to destruction. Every German piece prepared for the English stage needs to have its dimensions reduced by a third before it is capable of undergoing the ordeal of an English audience.

France, however, is now pre-eminently the land of the dramatist. It has at once the best actors, the best dramatists, and the public the most thoroughly appreciative and critical. When a new piece is produced in Paris it is, if good, a thing of national importance. A successful writer obtains a greeting such as in England we give only to a statesman or a soldier. The country showers honours upon the successful dramatist, the people delight to do him honour. It is hard to say where the marks of appreciation stop. M. Sardou's *Patrie*, which is not a work of genius, but only a production of high talent and admirable powers of adaptation, has secured for its author a larger share of distinction than the English people have ever awarded any writer, and will yet be productive of future honours. From the latest reports we see that M. Sardou is

candidate for a vacant seat in the Académie. We are inclined to wager upon his obtaining it. Such minor distinctions as the various grades of the Legion of Honour are too common in France to call for notice. The French people, so ready to recognize merit that it makes the appearance of a dramatist in the private box of a theatre an occasion for tumultuous applause, does not limit the dramatist's art of the means by which he shall produce his effects as we in England limit them. So long as the result is dramatic and satisfactory it does not insist that each scene shall have its piquancy, that no dialogue shall be introduced but such as is short, crisp, and rapid. It tolerates soliloquies as long as any in Shakspeare. Take the best known pieces of Victor Hugo for instance: *Hernani*, the *Roi S'Amuse*, *Lucrèce Borgia*, *Marion Delorme*, or *Ruy Blas*. There is not one of these that has not long—often very long—soliloquies to which the Parisian public listens with interest and with a keen delight in tracking the thought and intention of the author. Every piece of this author is cut, clipped, and pruned before it can be played with a chance of success in England, and few of them, even when cut and clipped to their smallest proportions, are held fitted for our pure and virtuous public. So soon as any piece is produced in England we hear the cry on all sides it must be cut. If it is in five acts, it should have been in four, if in two, it ought to have been in one. The principle on which people judge, carried a very short way, would reduce all pieces to the simple incident on which they rest, and take away from the dramatists every one of his means of impressing his audiences, except, perhaps, surprise. We are ourselves not guiltless of joining in the cry.

It is difficult to resist always the influence of the epoch in which we dwell, and there are, moreover, many pieces produced concerning which the criticism that they are too long is as just and true as it can be. But the fault with modern English plays is, after all, rather in the other direction. Dramatists do not allow themselves scope enough fully to illustrate the passions they depict and the characters they design. There can scarcely be a greater difficulty than to let us see thoroughly, and recognize a rich and noble nature without the employment of soliloquy. Seldom, indeed, do events or incidents draw from us such speech or gesture as will enable spectators to know much about us. But soliloquy is on the stage what thought is in real life, and in it man can disclose his whole nature. What should we know of Hamlet if we took from him his soliloquies? How completely incomprehensible would be his slowness to action, how meaningless in form and character would appear his action when it was taken. If ever, then, we are to have a great acted drama, we plead with audiences to be more tolerant of long speeches. It is not in the interest of long-winded writers nor mouthing actors that we thus plead, but in the sacred interest of art. If theatres are to be mere sources of gratification to the more ordinarily pleased senses, our labour is in vain. If when we visit a theatre it is that the eye may be dazzled by spectacles of extreme brilliance, the desires caressed by the spectacle of female beauty, or the heart's action stimulated by the spectacle of momentarily endured danger, then the stage, attractive as it may be to certain classes, is not what we have always regarded it. But the stage is by universal consent far more than this. It is the means for the exposition of some of the highest kinds of art, the dramatic and the histrionic. If art it be let us give those who work in it artist's privileges. We allow the sculptor to make his bust colossal or life size at will. We leave the painter to cover yards of canvas or to make his picture so small that a microscope is necessary to discover all its beauties. We do not attempt to interfere with the size of the work or the proportion of the figures. Only with the dramatist do we attempt to cramp the figures and limit the range.

There is at present a tendency to rehabilitate old and honoured, but of late neglected, forms of drama. Poetical plays have more than once of late obtained success upon our stage. If we are going to make at length a step in the right direction, let the step be a bold one. Let us accord the dramatist the right, so he produces us a work of art, to shape it how he will. It is to writers on the stage the first appeal is to be made, for the public is too large and too scattered to be got at. But if those who guide to a certain extent public taste will set the example the public in time will come up to it. We wish for no exaggeration or abuse of monologues. We are not anxious to see pieces such as the Germans affect, where the dramatic element is swallowed in the idyllic produced. But we do wish to remove the reproach that a French piece which has won the just approval of a critical audience must be reduced one half to be played in England, and may then move the people to impatience. K.

FREIBURG.—Herr Franz Hauver, formerly the director of the Munich Conservatory, and a highly esteemed operatic singer, lately died here, Mendelssohn dedicated the "Hebrides Overture" to him.

MUNICH.—At the King's desire, negotiations have been commenced with Mad. Mallinger, with reference to her giving a round of performances every summer for the next three years.—Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* has been reproduced at the Royal Opera-house, with new scenery, dresses, and decorations.

WHILE the national German hymn of Sir Michael Costa is advertised by our contemporaries, we read in American papers of another "Hymn of German Unity," composed by Mr. M. Keller, of Boston, the dedication of which has been accepted by King William. In recognition of the compliment, His Majesty has sent the writer a sum of money which Mr. Keller has devoted to the Patriotic Fund for the widows of German soldiers who fall in the war.—Choir.

BEETHOVEN, GOETHE, AND MICHAEL ANGELO.*

I recollect once seeing in the Pitti Palace at Florence a picture by Rubens, a magnificent, first-class painting: an "Allegory of War." Enflamed with rage, Mars is rushing out through the gates, flung wide apart, of the Temple of Janus; a wild Fury, waving a torch, is dragging him forward; Harpies are fluttering before him, and Europe (represented as Cybele with the mural crown) follows wringing her hands. It is in vain that the Goddess of Love, with flattering embraces, endeavours to hold him back. In his furious career, as God of War, he has thrown over several male figures, with the emblems of art and science in their hands, among them being a man with a lute. In the background there are all kinds of desolation and wretchedness. It is evident that Rubens painted the picture under the impression of the Thirty Years' War, then ravaging Germany with fire and sword. Late events brought this painting to my mind, and I thought to myself that the Beethoven Festival Committee, at Bonn, might very well borrow it from the Italian Government, and hang it up as a public excuse before the Festival Hall (just as theatrical managers in Germany have red bills posted at the street corners, when there is any sudden and unexpected change of performance); the man thrown down with the lute, and Mars rushing past him would render any further explanation superfluous. But war and the tumult of war shall not prevent us from reminding our readers that in December a century will have elapsed since one of the greatest German masters of the art of music was born—the master whom we are fond of naming with Mozart, just as we are fond of saying "Raphael and Michael Angelo," or "Schiller and Goethe," when we would allude, by two names, to the highest efforts in other branches of art. If, however, matters progress as they are now progressing at the seat of war, we may yet be able to leave Rubens' picture in Florence, and perform the Ninth Symphony with the "Te Deum" for victory and peace. God grant it may be so.

Of the bearers of the brilliant names I have just mentioned, the two great German poets, and the two great German composers, were contemporaries. Mozart and Schiller died at an early age, but fate permitted Beethoven to behold the countenance of his great predecessor, Mozart, who is said to have made on the occasion, the oft repeated remark: "Take care of him there; some day he, too, will have something to say." Goethe survived them all. He was, moreover, brought into personal communication with Beethoven, but, with regard to Mozart, we should scarcely be aware whether he ever knew of the existence of Schiller or of Goethe, if he had not set to music Goethe's "Veilchen;" Heaven knows in what chance walk of his he found the lovely modest little flower, whose aromatic perfume delights us even at the present day. *Don Carlos* and *Don Juan* both belong to the same year (1787)—but could Mozart, in his Vienna, know aught about the former? It was not till a long time afterwards, when Mozart had long been in the realms of eternal harmonies, that the Vienna censure at length admitted Schiller's tragic muse into the Imperial hereditary dominions. This appears rather strange to us, who have been nourished on Schiller's dramas, as on a sort of intellectual mother's milk, but let the reader put himself mentally in the place of a Vienna Censor of the Year One, and answer the question whether, when the worthy individual in question perused the *Räuber*, *Kabale und Liebe*, *Fiesco*, *Don Carlos*, *Wallenstein*, and *Tell*, his hair must not have stood on end, even supposing him to have worn a wig. When people spoke in Vienna at that period of German literature, they meant Klopstock and Wieland, who, like Alpha and Omega, like the two opposite poles, represented the "Elevated" and the "Graceful." That so joyous a mortal as Mozart should not be particularly impressed by Klopstock's elevated bombast is something very intelligible, and he made a most furious resistance when called upon to set to music the ode, "Calpe, dir donnert's am Fuss," by a Viennese local Klopstock—Denis or Sined. The words were beautiful, lofty, anything you liked, but as for being fitted for music, such a thing was totally out of the question, he said. He was as little pleased with the pretty frivolities of Wieland; the latter, revering the course pursued by the French who at the time possessed a French *à la Grecque*, had given the world *Grecque à la Française*. Mozart was just as little edited by Wieland personally, as we learn from his Mannheim Letters.

Beethoven at first allowed himself to be talked into an admiration for Klopstock. What people in Vienna then thought of Klopstock is very amusingly shown by a picture of Abel's, to be found (if I am not mistaken) in the "new school" of the Belvedere, a copy by the artist himself being in the Picture Gallery at Prague: "Klopstock's Arrival in Elysium." Klopstock is introduced by Siona, clad in Vestal-like costume, and bearing in her hand a palm branch half a fathom long. He is welcomed by a group of Greek poets, with Homer at their head. "I regret," Homer appears to be saying, "that I am acquainted with your admirable *Masside* only through the medium of a translation, as I do not understand German." Dante stands some distance off, under

laurel bushes, but he is perfectly penetrated with a sentiment of his own nothingness, and feels ashamed of his *Divina Commedia*, which must certainly have struck the wits of the Year One as a piece of barbarism. Near at hand sits Petrarch with his Laura.—The whole resembles a parody on Raphael's Parnassus, from which, indeed, the one Muse has been rather unceremoniously taken.

Beethoven, as he afterwards told Rochlitz, when the latter called upon him, was incessantly reading Klopstock's Odes. Who knows that he was not first excited to the Pastoral Symphony by the "Frühlingsfeier," which is really powerful and moving. When he became acquainted with Goethe's poems, he spoke no more about Klopstock. "He always began in D flat major—always from upwards downwards." What he thought of Schiller is proved by the words with which, according to his first plan, he meant to introduce the final movement of the Ninth Symphony. "Let us sing the song of the immortal Schiller: 'Freude schöne Götterfunken!'"

But Goethe probably was more highly prized by him. The highest and crowning task of his life struck him as being the composition of music to *Faust*; he wanted with this to conclude his artistic labours. His chorus, "Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt," was dedicated by him to the author. Though this composition cannot, perhaps, be called one of his best, his melodies to some of Goethe's lyrical poems are so much the more magnificent: "Kennst du das Land?"—"Herz, mein Herz, was soll das geben?"—"Trocknet nicht, Thränen der ewigen Liebe!"—"Was zieht mir das Herz so?"—no man ever composed finer songs, not even Franz Schubert. The words and the tune are so blended that it is impossible to imagine them apart; it seems to us as though something is wanting if we accidentally come upon the verses alone when turning over an edition of Goethe's works. And, lastly, the music to *Egmont*! Kayser of Zurich (Goethe's composer-in-ordinary before Zelter came) composed, in Rome, where the poet had sent for him, some music for *Egmont*, which was just completed. In one of his letters, Goethe praises it as "very appropriate." This may have been the case, for we must confess that Beethoven's music to *Egmont* is "very inappropriate;" it appears to subordinate itself so modestly to the poetry; it appears to give in a mere sketchy form the situations that are musically rendered (let the reader compare with this M-yerbeer's intrusive show-music to his brother's *Struensee*); and yet—yet—with all respect for *Egmont* and the great poet, we must say that the music outshines the drama; the frame is, in this instance, finer than the picture, fine though the latter be.

Goethe appears to have been as deaf to all these beauties, intellectually, as the composer was physically. He made Beethoven's acquaintance at Teplitz, but appears to have been inwardly little impressed by Beethoven's intellectual grandeur. We may say: without even having a suspicion of Beethoven's greatness, he beheld in the composer scarcely aught else than a man with whom it was difficult to keep up a communication, in consequence of his deafness, and who, from his bristling roughness and melancholy pining, was but slightly sympathetic. To Bettina's enthusiastic epistle Goethe answered, "cool to his inmost heart;"—with a gracious nod, and half depreciatingly he admits, "Beethoven's talent, which will show him the right way." When young Mendelssohn played him the first piece of the C minor Symphony upon the piano, the old gentleman evidently did not feel at all comfortable. "That is music which would cause the roof to fall in if performed by the whole orchestra at once," he muttered.

Though taking the purest and deepest interest in plastic art and in music, nay, more, though perfectly capable of appreciating both most thoroughly, Goethe unfortunately had as advisers by his side mediocrities like Heinrich Meyer and Zelter. To what a degree his immeasurably larger mind believingly submitted to the guidance is strikingly proved, for instance, by his allowing Zelter graciously to accord him Sebastian Bach's music. He would certainly have been able to comprehend Beethoven's music ten times better! The "Sonate Pathétique" was, at any rate, something which could penetrate ten times more confidentially to his heart than the Chromatic Fantasia. After Goethe had become acquainted in Upper Italy with Palladio, and in Venice with all sorts of specimens of the Antique, he solemnly renounced the Gothic principle, and himself threw down the monument that he had erected, "dis manibus Ervini a Steinbach." But the Gothic, or rather that Christian, and, at the same time, profoundly and significantly mysterious principle of art, organically constructing with the sharpest sense the principle which created the "frozen music" of the Gothic style of architecture, melted and was dissolved in the "thawed architecture" of Bach's Preludes, Toccatas, Fugues, and Fantasias, while the "heathen" Goethe knelt believingly before these revelations, or rather, "he went to bed, and let the organist, von Berks, play him Sebastian." Zelter praised this highly: "So he is; he must be overheard, as it were, by an eavesdropper!" According to this rule, when "Sebastian" are for the future announced in the programme, the public will do well to run

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

directly out of the room and listen at the key-hole, not to hear (according to the proverb) their own shame, but Sebastian's glory.

In the correspondence between Goethe and Zelter frequent mention is made of Beethoven. Zelter speaks of him in pretty much the same way that a blind man, hearing a peal of bells, would calculate the height of the steeple in which they hang. On one occasion, he even says: "We might, perhaps, compare Beethoven, at a distance, to Michael Angelo." That was a great thing to say to Goethe. For Goethe wrote from Rome after seeing the frescoes of the Sixtine Chapel: "I am at this moment so captivated by Michael Angelo, that not even Nature pleases me after him, for I cannot see with such great eyes as he does." (Parenthetically remarked, it is a strange fact that Goethe never says a syllable anywhere of the Moses or the Medici Digger, &c., &c.) Zelter hazarded the comparison, but only timidly; he places Beethoven at his proper "distance," that is, considerably *under* the great Florentine. We, having clearly before our eyes all Beethoven did, and knowing all his importance, shall not think Michael Angelo's truly Titanic mind less, but we consider what he created as analogous to only one side of Beethoven's labours. When parallels have been drawn between Mozart and Raphael—Rochlitz began it, and was followed by von Hentel, Ulrici, and Alberti—there is a great temptation to play the Plutarch between Michael Angelo and Beethoven, and, placing them back to back, as we sometimes place Jack and Gill, to see which is the taller of the two. Such comparisons are, in reality, not worth much, they are games of wit rather than ought else, with which superficiality pays itself court. For instance, Rochlitz, who had certainly seen nothing of Raphael beyond the Dresden Madonna, could not possibly possess a correct standard by which to judge the master. When, therefore, we see such points adduced as: each died young; each left his last and most highly prized work unfinished, and it had to be completed by the hands of novices, &c., &c., such silly nonsense having nothing to do with the essential attributes of the masters—we look about to see whether we are not also informed that: "Both were exceedingly fond of such and such a dish." With regard, however, to Beethoven and Michael Angelo, the idea of employing the one to explain the other, recurs in the writings of exceedingly able critics, such as Lübke and Hermann Grimm, and we may as well have a glance at it.

(To be continued.)

MAURICE DE SAXE.

The circumstances accompanying the production of the play called *Maurice de Saxe*, a drama in five acts and in verse, are remarkable. It is the last piece of importance brought out at the Théâtre Français, where it was played early in June. Had it remained on the shelves a few weeks longer, it would never have seen lamplight. The hero of Fontenay, when he wants to make himself especially popular, boasts that he is a German, and thus defies the taunts of the French nobles, who sneer at his illegitimate birth. Otherwise the authors of the drama, MM. Jules Amigues and Marcelin Desboutier, do not represent Marshal Saxe in a favourable light. If on the one hand he appears as the self-made man, asserting his dignity against adversaries who rely on the sole merit of high blood, he is conspicuous on the other as an unscrupulous aristocrat of the lowest class, without scruple, employing dis honourable means to render the comic singer, Justine Chantilly, unfaithful to her husband, Favart. Herein he is the very opposite of the Maurice in early life, depicted by Scribe as the lover of Adrienne Lacouivre. He does not intrigue, he openly oppresses; and far from attempting to conceal his passion from Favart, exults in it, and dares the poor player to interfere. Favart, represented by Got, is the character of the piece—a sort of Figaro, who, tortured by jealousy, retains a comic vein, contrasting the privileges of the great with his own unprotected condition, and predicting the Revolution as a judgment on lordly oppressors. The action consists in a series of attempts by the Marshal to secure Justine, and as many contrivances on the part of the husband to frustrate his intentions; but though the plot hinges on contemplated infidelity, there is not a situation by which propriety is offended. The characters are drawn with discrimination. Favart is elaborately coloured: Justine derives individuality from the circumstance that, while attached to her husband and her duty, she feels flattered by the homage of the great man; and even Maurice has some excuse for his conduct in the fact that he is not a mere libertine, desirous of conquest, but the victim of a passion, the power of which he himself laments when there is none to overhear him. The dialogue abounds in forcible passages, and though the piece is in verse, it more resembles the romantic drama of the old English stage than one of the French classical school, the elevation of its style distinguishing it from such historical plays as the *Patric* of M. Victorien Sardou. It begins with the battle of Rancon, and ends with Maurice being killed in a duel by the Prince De Conti. In his early days the Marshal has had an intrigue with that Prince's mother, which has come to the knowledge of Favart, who, finding other means ineffectual, acquaints De Conti with the scandal, and thus indirectly produces the result. Though the story of the duel is without historical foundation, it is not the invention of MM. Amigues and Desboutier, but an old tale long believed in the French army.

N. D.

IMPEDIMENTS TO TRAGIC ART IN ENGLAND.

In the essay on "Tragic Art," by Dr. Westland Marston, delivered before the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, of which we were fortunate enough to give lately a *résumé*, the speaker pronounced authoritatively opinions coinciding to a great extent with those once and again enumerated in these columns. We have frequently pointed to the repression on the part of middle-class and educated England of all demonstrations of feeling and emotion as an unpleasant feature in English society, and one that sadly impeded the efforts of dramatists. When social distinctions are rapidly becoming abrogated, as they are in large towns, when men at dinner-table are dressed as much alike as if they wore uniform, and are only distinguishable from the servants by whom they are waited upon by whatever appearance of dignity or cultivation they are able to impart to their faces and actions, there is indeed a poor field for the writer of comedies. It is necessary for him to paint broad and easily decipherable figures, to produce types which can by no chance be confounded each with other. But how is this to be done with becoming truth to nature when the chief aim of all men is to be as alike in their actions and manners as they are in their dress. Dr. Marston has shown what is in fact to be expected, that the same cause which operates so banefully upon comedy influences tragedy also. The tragedian, according to his views, finds in men thus constituted no types suitable for his purposes and no audiences capable of appreciating his ideal creations.

Our purpose to-day is less to add our unnecessary confirmation to views which while they do not need our sanction have already received it, than to point out other causes co-existent with those to which the lecturer pointed and co-operative with them, in producing the result we deplore. We have never known an age more sordid than this, or one in which the outside resemblance of men was more characteristic of a like uniformity of *ba-ness*. Money getting or money-grubbing is the only employment of the immense majority of Englishmen. With elaborate care and conspicuous success we have succeeded in depriving the profession of money-making of all the poetry that was once associated with it. When we think of a London merchant of the olden times or of a Flemish burgher, we call up ideas of a character full of dignity and not devoid of romance. The man whose ships were sailing on the ocean, whose word on Change was good for whatever he might say, and whose pride was in the honesty and dignity of his occupation, was a figure worthy of admiration and capable of employment in art. He who held up the London merchant now as symbolizing anything but dishonesty, greed, rapacity, and the eagerness to obtain by any means a discreditable triumph, would be laughed at by all, and by none so roundly as by the merchant himself. The declension of which we complain has extended through all classes. Noblemen are chairmen of companies whose deliberate and systematic purpose is fraud; artists, with a few noble exceptions, are reduced to the level of mere shopkeepers. What, alas! is tragedy or any form of highest art to do in the midst of a world like this? Characters such as these she can neither please nor present. Who will care to see a play in which the principal personages are drawn from the life of the day and consist of fraudulent trustees, dishonest managers, and youths with their fingers, to pay Derby losses, in their masters' tills? For such society the realistic drama is specially provided. To celebrate these deeds it is fitting province to set before the age its repulsive portrait in its highest effort.

Of the school of realistic dramatists Mr. Boucicault is the clever and satisfactory representative. We must not be understood as sinking Mr. Boucicault to the level of the materials in which he works. He continues to throw upon the life and characters he depicts as much sentiment and illusion as they are capable of retaining, and he lends the features of the present age something almost like beauty and tenderness. But a dramatist who purposes to portray noble characters and noble sufferings is driven perforce from the world around him into another world remote in space or time. This difficulty he might overcome were it not met by another which is to follow it. Those men whom he cannot paint he cannot please. If he would obtain an audience he must be content to give his hearers what will please them. Most surely is the beauty of art a secret to those whose lives are ignoble. Those secrets and mysteries with which the beginnings of old religion were shrouded belong, in fact, to art. Coy, and yet proud of her beauty, she will not reveal herself to the unloving and unsympathetic. Hence all highest work of this age is confined to few readers. That an audience "fit though few" can be found for some highest forms of art we admit. There is a leaven of cultivation in England and a leaven of nobility also. Were it otherwise we should not see poured forth a series of works in highest branches of art, such as has recently been given to the world. Take the one branch of poetry and we unhesitatingly say that the poems which have seen the light during the past year or two are sufficient to shed on any age renown. A time that has seen Swinburne's *Poems and Ballads*, Morris's *Earthly Paradise*, *The Ring and the Book* of Browning, the Laureate's continuation of *The Idylls of the King*, and the recently published work of Mr. Rossetti, has exhibited proof of poetic possession such as may enable it to challenge competition with the most illustrious in our annals. A public can be found, moreover, to support such works, and it is a fact creditable to the public that this work of Mr. Rossetti's, though it saw the light last month or that preceding, has already gone through five editions. But those who purchase and patronize works of this description are not patrons of the theatres. Rarely, on one special occasion, you may see them at a house like the Prince of

Wales's, at which it is sought to give a superior class of representations, or at another house upon an occasion of excessive interest. But the realistic drama and the style of acting it has brought with it, drives the intelligent from the theatres. Those patrons to whom managers appeal are wholly insensible to the beauty and dignity of tragedy, and will none of it. Its lessons, could they take them home, would be only a rebuke to the practice of their daily lives. But, as a rule, they are insensible to its teaching, for their minds are pachydermatous. Intellectually, they sink to the level of the savage, and find the sight in a glass of their own features is more agreeable to them than any picture how beautiful soever.

Under existing conditions, then, we despair of seeing a revival of tragic or poetic drama. Daily, alas! the difficulties in the way of its revival grow greater and more numerous. Use, which is second habit, renders more and more familiar the class of productions now common on the stage. And increasingly distasteful works of a higher order until what would once have appeared a mere return to olden form will assume a semblance of revolution. Men again grow hardened in their pursuits. The widespread canker of lust of unholy gain spreads itself wider and wider till it threatens to absorb the whole body.

That the poetic drama should be wholly banished from our stage we regard we need not say, as a distinct and great misfortune to art. What, then, is the remedy for the existing state of affairs? Again and again does the question arise before us; it is the close of all argument or enquiry concerning dramatic art in England. To it there is but one answer. The theatres want a government subvention. That they will not get it in modern years is no reason why the question should not be brought forward that men's minds may be prepared to receive it. To expect it from the most retrograde of all governments in matters of art which now holds the reins, would be madness. But we regret to say it is none the more expected from a Conservative government. Conservatives dare not give us a subvention and Liberals cannot elevate their minds to the level of such a thing. If, however by means of state aid one theatre in London were kept open in which works of the highest order could be played; if to this house were attached those actors who in different branches had distinguished themselves by superior excellence, and if occasionally performances in which these took part were given irrespective of the question of their proving remunerative, a reign of better things might be expected. A nursery for art would be provided. Actors would learn that their highest meed was not the approval of a deplorably ignorant public, authors would obtain a certain recompense for labours which attained a requisite measure of competency, and the public would have a chance of seeing high class performances. It is no time for us to declare with what kindred institutions we would link a subvention theatre. Our sole concern at present is with the need for the subvention. Its advantages can scarcely be doubted by those who believe in the purifying and elevating influences of art. Is it too much to hope that if occasionally to a noble and worthy performance of tragedy some members of that public to which tragedy is now sealed were attracted, a few among them might find the teaching of art and the contemplation of beauty a means of information, and might try to set their minds in tune with the moral beauty they had been led to contemplate and admire? K.

W A I F S.

Madame Arabella Goddard returned to Boulogne-sur-Mer after the Birmingham Festival.

Signor Bottesini, the eminent contre-bassi, has arrived in London.

Mr. James M. Wehli is about to visit the United States this "fall."

Mr. Alexandre Billet, the well-known pianist, has arrived in London.

At Salvador, in Central America, the Theatre of the Union is being constructed by the Government.

The receipts at the Parisian theatres and other spectacles during the past month amounted to the exceptionally low sum of 580,000 francs.

The *Journal de Toulouse* announces the death, in his twenty-ninth year, of the celebrated gymnast Léotard.

The youthful Signor Ettore Mariotti has finished an opera, entitled *Fedra*, which is shortly to be brought out in Venice.

Mr. C. H. Ross has, we understand, become the lessee of the Charing Cross Theatre.

Sadler's Wells opens to-night under the management of Mr. Pennington, who begins with *Hamlet*.

Mdlle. Nilsson sailed from Liverpool, for America, accompanied by her agent, Mr. H. Jarrett, on Saturday, the 3rd inst.

The Dean and Chapter of Worcester Cathedral have adopted the resolution of adding another minor canon to their clerical staff.

Remember the Grotto!

By custom is not to.

Punch.

The copyright for England of the last successful opera of M. de Flotow, *L'Ombre*, has been purchased by Mr. Jefferys, of Berners Street.

The Parisian musical papers are temporarily suppressed. Were this not the case little news of immediate interest to musicians would be likely to come from that beleaguered city.

Two dramas by Mr. Watts Phillips, are in the hands of the management of the Queen's Theatre. His *Marlborough* will not be played this season.

The Lyceum opens to-night with a new Irish drama called *Innisfallen*, from the pen of Mr. E. Falconer, again lessee of the theatre where *Peep o' Day* made so great a hit.

London musicians seeking recreation in the country, are getting up concerts in aid of the sick and wounded. Among them in the North, is Mr. Goss, organist of our metropolitan cathedral.

A short essay on Palestrina, entitled *Elogio di Giovanni Pierluigi Palestrina, principe della Musica Sacra*, has been published at Rome by Ago-tino Bartolini.

Signor Mabellini's new opera, *Fiammetta*, recently performed in Milan, has been received with much favour by the public and musical critics of Italy.

All lovers of the dance will be pleased to learn that a new floor has been laid down in the Great Hall at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square.

A drama, entitled *Clelia*, la *Perla del Trastevere*, founded on Garibaldi's novel, *Clelia*, and written by Signor Alessandro Sabbadini, has been published by Barbini at Milan.

Booth's theatre at New York has re-opened with Mr. Jefferson as Rip van Winkle. Wallack's theatre is occupied with the drama, *Our Fritz*, in which Mr. Emmet sustains the principal character,—a German who speaks imperfect English.

Playgoers will remember the favourable impression created by a young French actor, M. Marius, in M. Hervé's *Chilperic* at the Lyceum Theatre. We hear that M. Marius has fallen before the walls of Metz, while serving in the French army.

At the termination of the Birmingham Festival, Mr. Peyton, secretary, on behalf of the committee, presented Mr. W. H. Cummings with a testimonial in the shape of a gold chain and appendages, for his kind and ready help in several cases of emergency during the Festival.

Mr. Howard Paul impersonates Napoleon III. in his entertainment. A few evenings since the audience at Bradford took exception to this; the consequence was a division of opinion winding up with a riot in which French and Germans were moderately represented.

The Beethoven Festival which was to have been held at Bonn this week under the direction of Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, is, under existing circumstances, inevitably postponed. The new Beethoven Hall is used as a hospital.

Amongst the curiosities at the Exhibition of Antiquities and objects of Art belonging to the Siennese province, held at Sienna on the 15th of August, under the direction of Prof. Carlo Livi, was the autograph will and testament of Boccaccio.

The *Rivista Europea* states that at the Balbo Theatre, in Turin, Señor Arieta's comic operetta, *Il Mozzo*, has been performed for the first time, but was not very successful. The composer is the Director of the Musical Conservatoire of Madrid.

In November an opera, by Johann Strauss, the prince of waltz-writers, entitled *Ali Baba*, is to be brought out at Vienna; the libretto by Herr O. F. Berg. The Vienna public anxiously await the first performance. The same subject was treated by Cherubini in an opera of the same name.

The new opera, *Aida*, by Signor Verdi, will be performed for the first time at the Cairo Theatre. The composer is said to have already received 150,000 francs from the Khedive of Egypt, for whom it is being written. The libretto is by Signor Ghislanzoni, and the subject was proposed by the distinguished Egyptian scholar, Mariette.

Mdlle. Nilsson's visit to the United States is, we understand, the occasion of considerable speculation, some agents having bought up tickets for the first half-dozen performances, to sell again at extravagant prices when the demand can no longer be supplied from ordinary sources.—Choir.

At the recent election of a parochial council in South London, one of the seatholders who was subsequently chosen for senatorial honours announced his intention of advocating the re-introduction of lady choristers and double chants. At present, he is in a minority, and the boys of the choir retain their position.

The correspondents of the daily papers give some accounts of the manner in which the Prussians spend their Sundays on French territory. The celebration of the Holy Communion has been the rule even on the battle-field, and the by-standers are struck with the heartiness with which the soldiers join in chorales accompanied by military bands.

The Amateur Musical Society of Brixton (founded in 1857) has issued its prospectus for the season 1870-71. Mr. H. Weist Hill is again the conductor, a guarantee that the concerts, of which six are to be given, will be satisfactory both in selection and performance. The orchestra is fifty in number. The first concert is announced for November 2nd.

The Chapel Royal, St James's, is temporarily closed. As the fabric is thus cared for by the Court, we would suggest some improvements, at the same time, in the services. For Sundays past the arrangements have been utterly unworthy the chapel of the English Queen and even at the best of times it is only the professional lay clerks who redeem the music from discredit.—*Choir.*

Charles Sloman, "the only English Improvisatore," who was for many years known in theatrical circles and "about town," has just died. The Improvisatore's talents were not very remarkable, and his songs were often not a little dull, but as the original of one of Thackeray's most graphic sketches he will be long remembered. Every one who knows—and who does not?—the wonderfully humorous description of the Cave of Harmony, in *The Newcomes*, knows all about the only English Improvisatore.—*George Dolby's Musical Circular.*

The directors of the Opéra Comique called a meeting of their artists and employés the other day, and informed them what a deplorable effect present events had upon theatres. Two days before the meeting *Zampa* was performed, and the amount received at the box-office was *ten francs*; three days previously the box-office keeper had *just eight francs* in his till. The Minister, informed of the facts, gave permission to the Lyrique and the Odéon to defer the opening of their season, and to the Opéra Comique to close its doors.

The accounts of the income and expenditure connected with the Festival of the Three Choirs recently held at Hereford, have been made up. All the bills are paid, and although receipts fall short of expenditure, the deficiency to be made up by the sixty stewards is trifling. The charity, however, benefits to the full extent. Donations have been sent in since the meeting, and the dividends from money funded by the Worcester and Gloucester Festival Committees, amounting to over £100, have been received, bringing the total receipts for the charity up to £1,053, 14s.

Should the war unhappily continue another month, there will scarcely be a literary or scientific journal published. In addition to a previous long list, we have received two fresh notices to-day, announcing the suspension of the *Moniteur des Architectes* and the *Chronique des Arts*. Considering the drafts upon the editorial and working staff, it is not surprising that so many journals are stopped for a time, but that any of them of this nature appear. To a certain extent it is the same in Germany. A French correspondent engaged in conversation with a private soldier of the Landwehr, attached to the army of the Crown Prince, and found that he was a Professor of Philosophy at the University of Tübingen.

Charles Dibdin's ballad opera, *The Quaker*, has been produced at the Gaiety. So many additions have been made to its music that little opportunity of judging of the original is afforded. When we state that "Cherry Ripe," "Why are you wandering here, I pray," and "Here's a health to all good lasses," are sung, the fact is apparent that no special regard for the composer and no wish to exhibit the music and verse of a particular epoch dictated the revival. The whole is dull. Miss Tremaine, as Cicely, gives "Why are you wandering here, I pray" exactly as it ought not to be sung, crowding it with unmeaning *roulades*. Miss E. Farren was lively as Lubin, Mr. Aynsley Cook quiet as Steady, Mr. Stoyke exaggerated as Solomon, and Miss Annie Goodall spiritless as Gillian.

Toujours perdrix was an aristocratic complaint; but the French soldiers are just as great *gourmets*, and just as fickle as princes and young ladies. The Mobile got tired of the everlasting *Marseillaise*; they had been roaring it for full a fortnight, when they cried out "*Toujours Marseillaise!*" and substituted the following elegant effusion—

Bon, ça commence!
Ca va fort bien,
Nous allons faire bombance.
A ce festin
Il ne manquera rien,
Car j'aperçois un jambon de Mayence.

Change one to two in the last line, and you have the second verse, and so on *ad infinitum*; or, as they say here, "To $n + n + 1$ jambon."

We take the following from the *Chicago Post* (of August —):—

"An important international wedding is to come off on the 29th instant, the bridegroom being a no less distinguished person than Ole Bull, the violinist. The bride appointed for the occasion is Miss Thorpe, daughter of the Hon. J. G. Thorpe, of Maddison, Wis., a very brilliant and accomplished maiden of eighteen years. Miss Thorpe and her mother are now visiting various parts of Europe, including the home of Mr. Bull in Norway, where the nuptials are to occur."

["The bride appointed for the occasion" is excellent! Bravissimo, old Ole!—A. S. S.]

Among some general observations upon the recent Festival, the *Birmingham Daily Gazette* has the following:—

"It used to be said of one of the orchestral stewards—and probably the same may be said of Mr. R. Peyton, the present holder of that important office—that before one Festival was over he was obliged to be thinking of the next. Why, it must be nearly twelve months since the members of the chorus were engaged, and all the present year they have been laboriously practising the choral music under the able guidance of Mr. W. C. Stockley and Mr. A. J. Sutton. How long it is since the band and principals were engaged, and how long since the composers who have composed new works for the Festival received their commissions we don't know, but it must be a considerable period, seeing the importance and proportions of many of the new pieces. Then there are no end of local committees, who, under the general direction of Mr. R. Peyton and Mr. W. J. Beale, with Mr. Howard Smith as secretary, divide and subdivide all sorts of work connected with those business arrangements, which require to be so well done to ensure the success of the Festival."

There are many other details connected with these great meetings upon which our contemporary might have dwelt with equal justice. It is to be hoped, by the way, that there may be no real foundation for a rumour which lately obtained that Mr. Peyton contemplated resigning his position. A greater loss could hardly be.

NEW MUSIC.

The Message from the Battlefield. Song. Written by H. B. FARNIE. Composed by JOHN HULLAH. [London: Metzler & Co.]

THE "argument" of this song tells how a German warrior went forth to battle with his name-label sewn to his coat by loving hands; and how the label alone came back. A touching story, but one which Mr. Farnie has handled tenderly, and to which Mr. Hullah has set appropriate and expressive music. The composition appeals strongly to every one with a heart in his breast; and we shall be surprised if it do not meet with wide popularity.

Metzler & Co's Standard Edition of the celebrated War Songs of France and Germany. [London: Metzler & Co.]

IN this convenient shilling volume we have eight of the most prominent songs of the war, the words being given both in the original and in a spirited translation by Mr. Henry Farnie. The editor has well preserved the impartiality of a neutral by devoting half his pages to the Germans and half to the French, but as regards the selection made he had no choice, the respective nationalities having indicated their preference with unmistakable clearness. Hence the German portion of the volume contains "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?" ("Where is the German's Fatherland?"), "Die Wacht am Rhein" ("The Watch by the Rhine"), "Blucher Lied" ("The Blucher Song"), and "Sie sollen ihn nicht haben" ("Thou shalt not have it, the German Rhine"). These titles are now as familiar as household words, and so should the songs themselves be, at least to all who can appreciate stirring, vigorous melodies, which seem as though they had been struck from the burning national heart, as sparks from heated iron. The French selections are "The Marseillaise," that model of a people's anthem; "Mourir pour la Patrie," "Le Chant du Départ," and "La Parisienne." These are better known than the songs of the opposite camp, and we need only add, therefore, that the volume before us is a collection of war music, the interest of which will outlive the war itself.

The Watch by the Rhine, the great national German Song, now being sung by the Army of the Rhine. Music by C. WILHELM. [London: Metzler & Co.]

THIS is a separate issue of one of the songs comprised in the volume noticed above; the honour being due to the amazing popularity Wilhelm's composition enjoys all over the so-called "Fatherland." How the song sprang into notice when the time came for its use; and how honours are now being heaped upon the hitherto obscure composer, is too well known for description here. We may say, however, that the result can surprise nobody; for in "Die Wacht am Rhein" are all the elements of a true people's *Lied*. Vigorous words and a bold rhythmical diatonic melody have made the song what it is, and what it deserves to be. The present edition is well got up, and ornamented with an appropriate title-page.

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

CHAPPELL & Co.—"Chappell's Organ Journal," Nos. 6, 7, and 8, consisting of favourite movements, selected from the works of the great masters by the most eminent organists. "L'Echo de la Guerre," by the Chevalier de Kontaki; "The Buccaneer," song by Berthold Tours; "The Blind Girl's Dream," by Louisa Gray; Three Sacred Songs by Alexander Rowland; "Lady Clare," and "Deep in my heart," songs by Walter Maynard.

LAMBORN COCK & Co.—"Te Deum Laudamus," by Charles Henry Shepherd. NOVELLO, EWER, & Co.—"A Shadow," song, by W. Howell Atchlin.

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